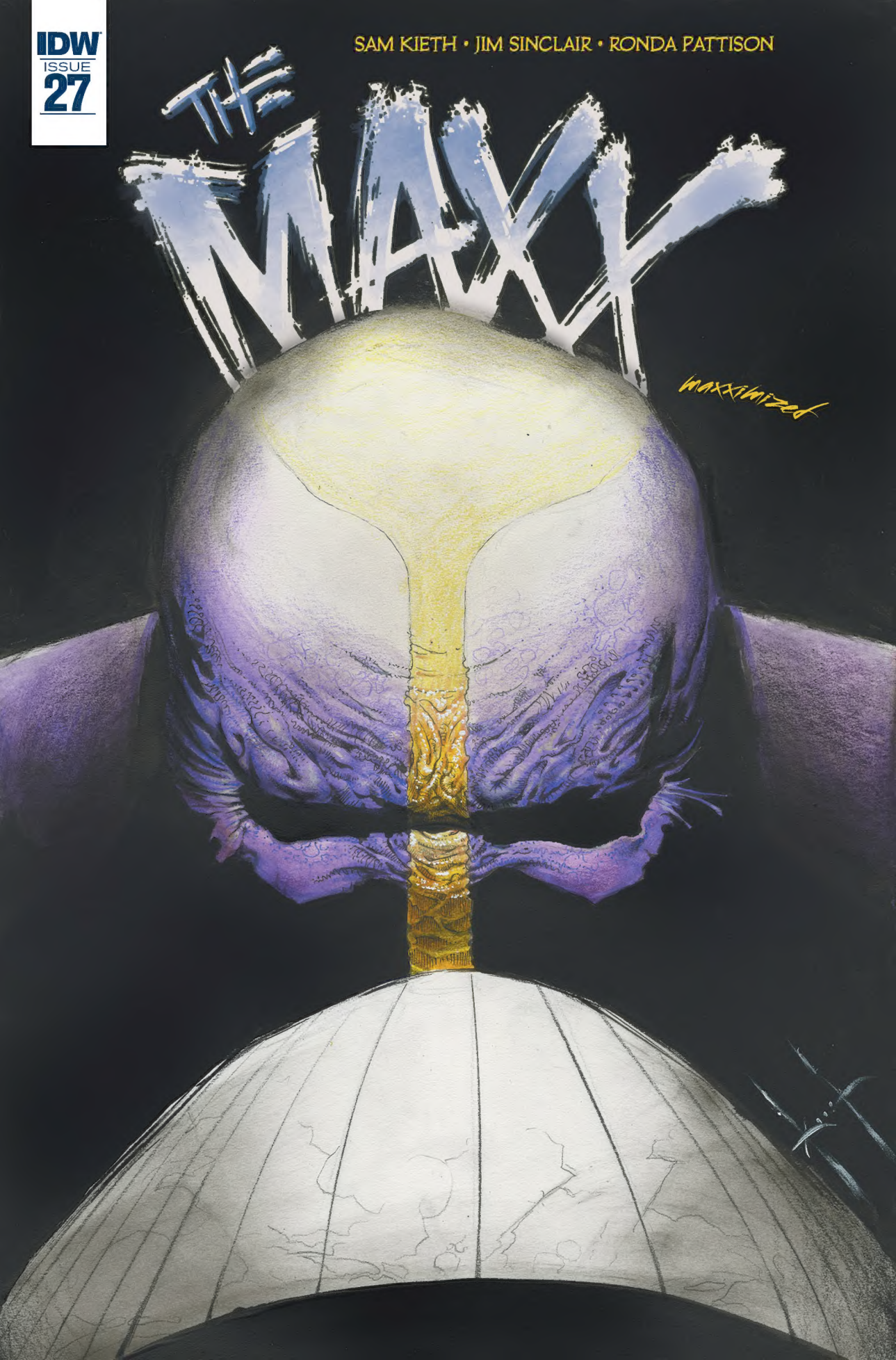
IDW
ISSUE
27
SAM KIETH • JIM SINCLAIR • RONDA PATTISON
THE MAXX
maxximized

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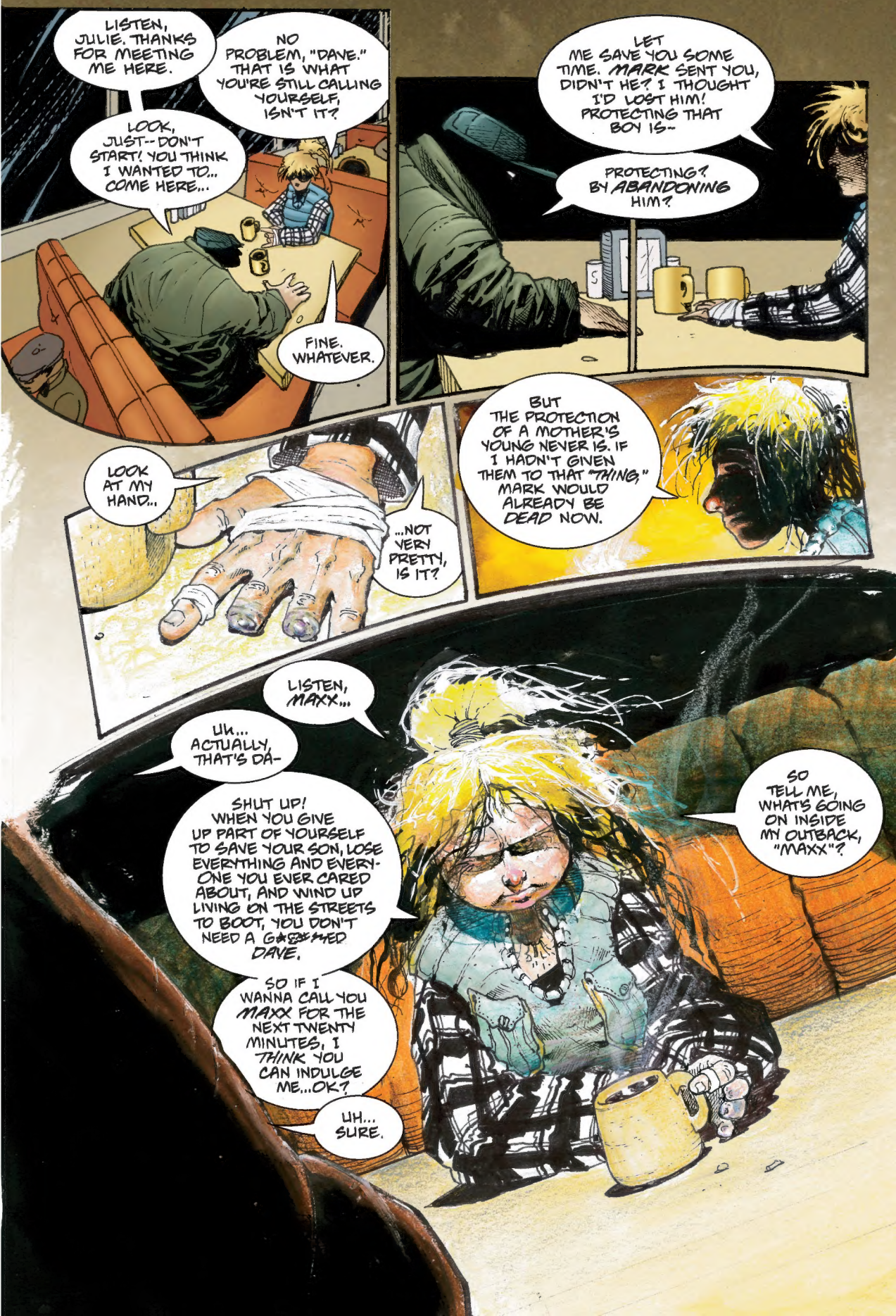
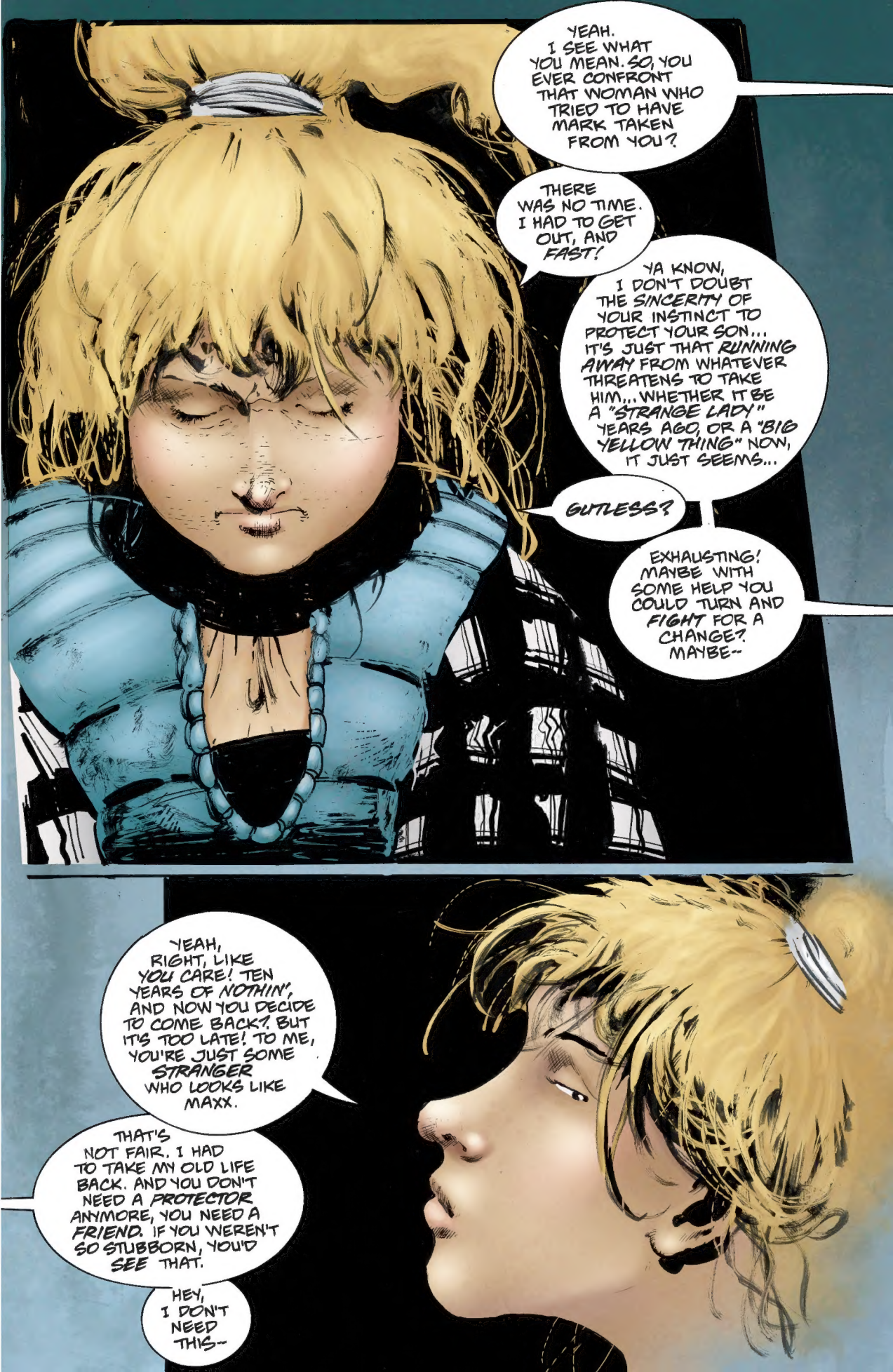
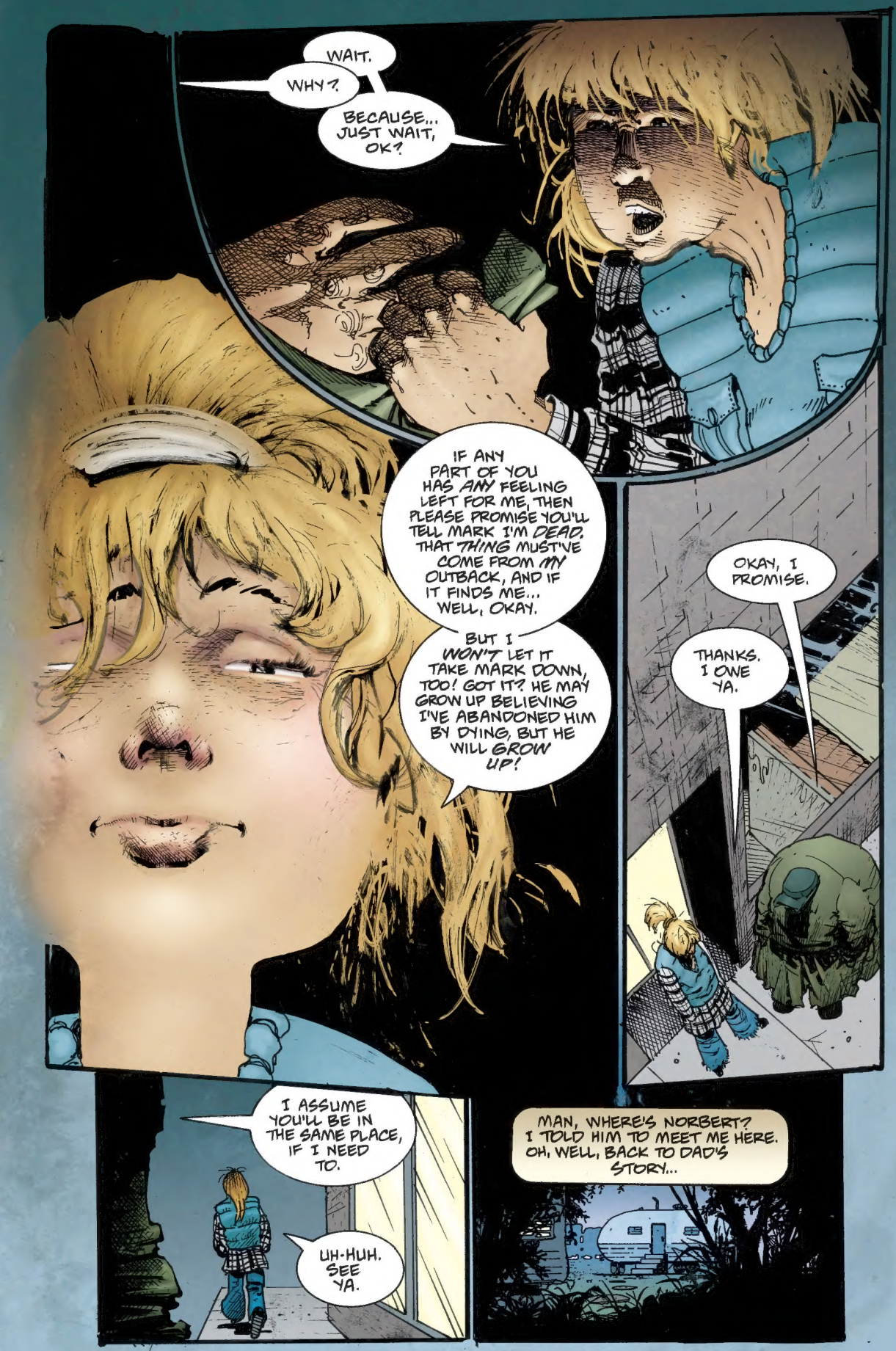
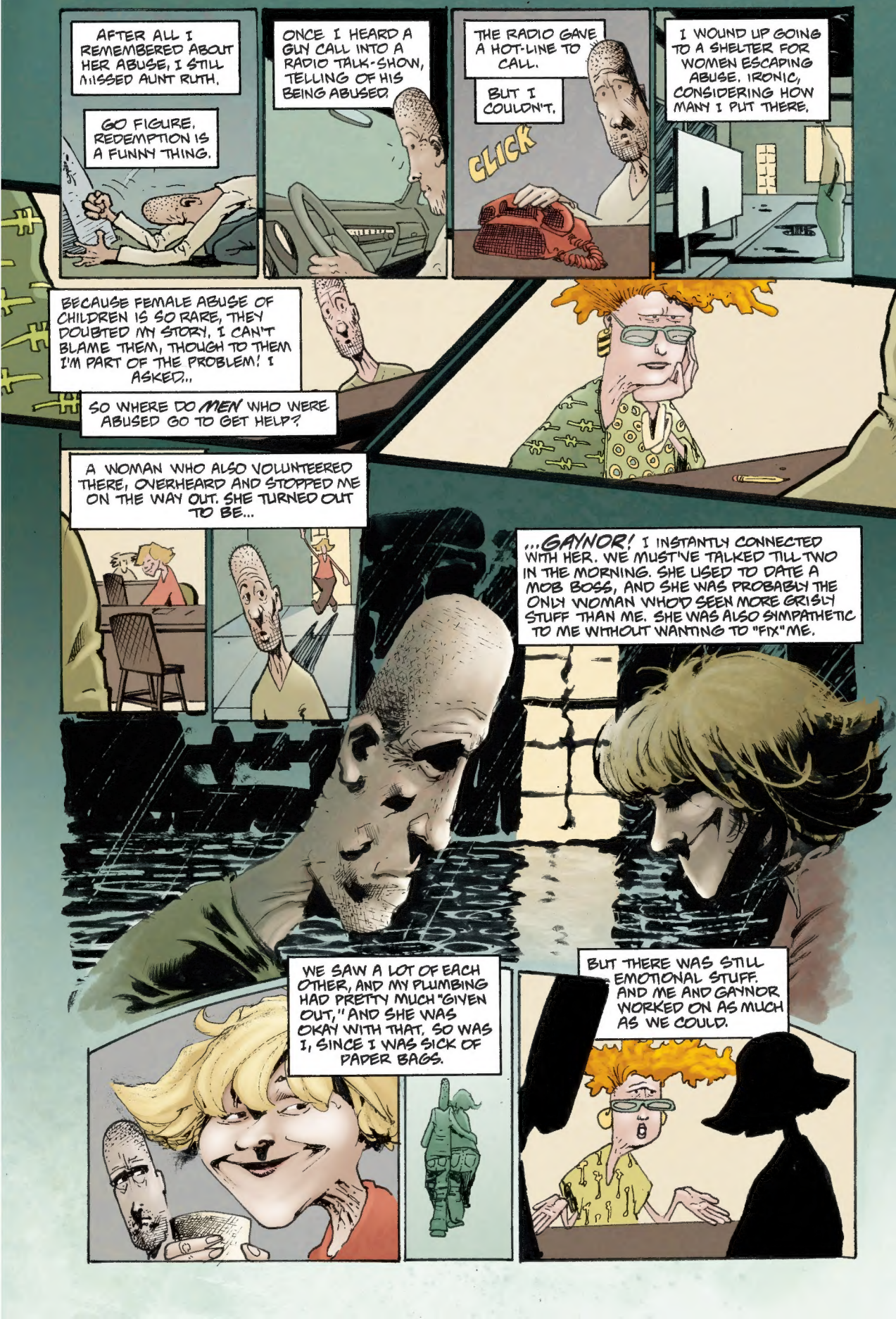
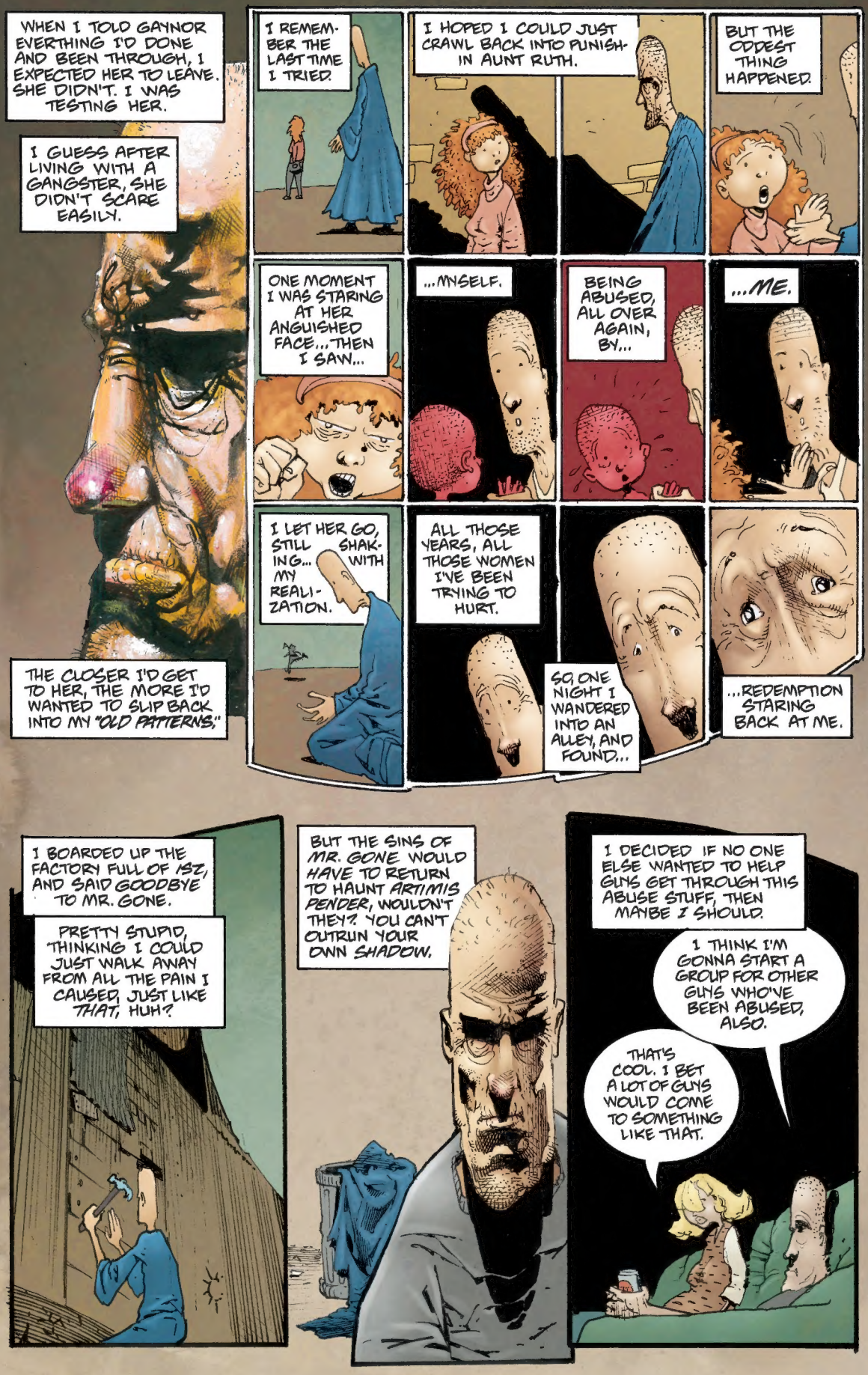

LISTEN, JULIE. THANKS FOR MEETING ME HERE.
NO PROBLEM, "DAVE." THAT IS WHAT YOU'RE STILL CALLING YOURSELF, ISN'T IT?
LOOK, JUST-- DON'T START! YOU THINK I WANTED TO... COME HERE...
FINE. WHATEVER.
LET ME SAVE YOU SOME TIME. MARK SENT YOU, DIDN'T HE? I THOUGHT I'D LOST HIM! PROTECTING THAT BOY IS--
PROTECTING? BY ABANDONING HIM?
BUT THE PROTECTION OF A MOTHER'S YOUNG NEVER IS. IF I HADN'T GIVEN THEM TO THAT "THING," MARK WOULD ALREADY BE DEAD NOW.
LOOK AT MY HAND...
...NOT VERY PRETTY, IS IT?
LISTEN, MAXX...
UH... ACTUALLY, THAT'S DA-
SHUT UP! WHEN YOU GIVE UP PART OF YOURSELF TO SAVE YOUR SON, LOSE EVERYTHING AND EVERY-ONE YOU EVER CARED ABOUT, AND WIND UP LIVING ON THE STREETS TO BOOT, YOU DON'T NEED A G@$%ED DAVE.
SO IF I WANNA CALL YOU MAXX FOR THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES, I THINK YOU CAN INDULGE ME...OK?
UH... SURE.
SO TELL ME, WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE MY OUTBACK, "MAXX"?

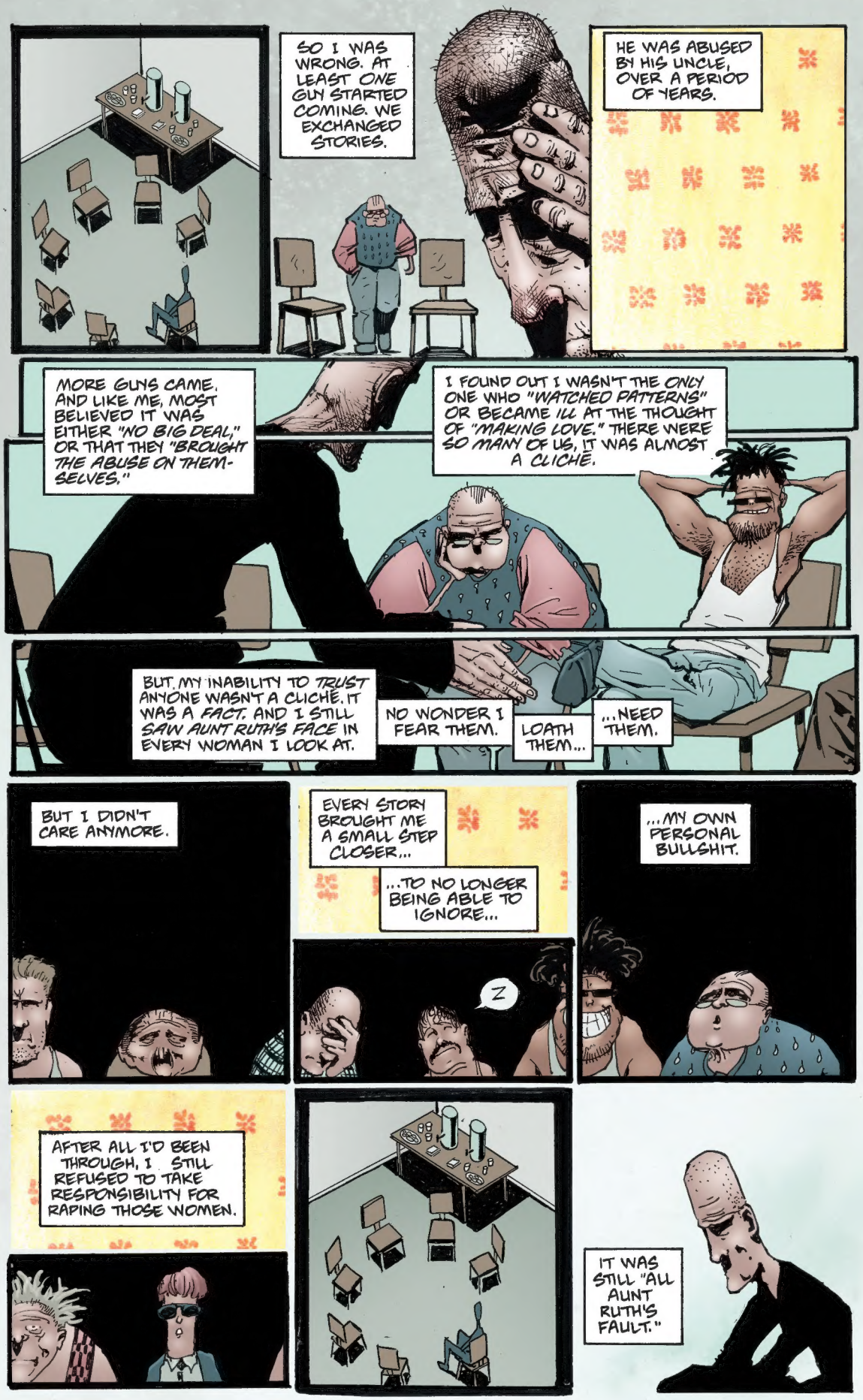
UH...
JESUS, I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS MORE PATHETIC, YOU PRETENDING...
...OR ME ASKING.
I JUST CAN'T... REALLY REMEM--
SORRY, DAVE, IT'S JUST BEEN KINDA UGLY LATELY.
YOU'RE NOT THE *FIRST* PERSON TO ASSUME I'VE BEEN NEGLECTING MARK. I CAN SEE HOW YOU MIGHT...
ANYWAY, LONG AGO, SOMEONE *ELSE* DID THE SAME. CPS ALMOST TOOK HIM AWAY BECAUSE OF HER. I *THOUGHT* I COULD TRUST HER. BUT PEOPLE ARE ALL THE SAME.
NOT ALL PEOPLE. *I'M* HERE, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH.
BUT YOU'RE THE *LAST* PERSON I WANT TO SEE. MARK'S SUPPOSED TO USE *YOU* OR *GONE* FOR A PLACE TO *CRASH*--NOT TO TRACK *ME* DOWN. IF THAT "THING" KNOWS I'M ALIVE, AND MARKS WITH ME...


YEAH. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. SO, YOU EVER CONFRONT THAT WOMAN WHO TRIED TO HAVE MARK TAKEN FROM YOU?
THERE WAS NO TIME. I HAD TO GET OUT, AND FAST!
YA KNOW, I DON'T DOUBT THE SINCERITY OF YOUR INSTINCT TO PROTECT YOUR SON... IT'S JUST THAT RUNNING AWAY FROM WHATEVER THREATENS TO TAKE HIM... WHETHER IT BE A "STRANGE LADY" YEARS AGO, OR A "BIG YELLOW THING" NOW, IT JUST SEEMS...
GUTLESS?
EXHAUSTING! MAYBE WITH SOME HELP YOU COULD TURN AND FIGHT FOR A CHANGE? MAYBE--
YEAH, RIGHT, LIKE YOU CARE! TEN YEARS OF NOTHIN', AND NOW YOU DECIDE TO COME BACK? BUT IT'S TOO LATE! TO ME, YOU'RE JUST SOME STRANGER WHO LOOKS LIKE MAXX.
THAT'S NOT FAIR. I HAD TO TAKE MY OLD LIFE BACK. AND YOU DON'T NEED A PROTECTOR ANYMORE, YOU NEED A FRIEND. IF YOU WEREN'T SO STUBBORN, YOU'D SEE THAT.
HEY, I DON'T NEED THIS--

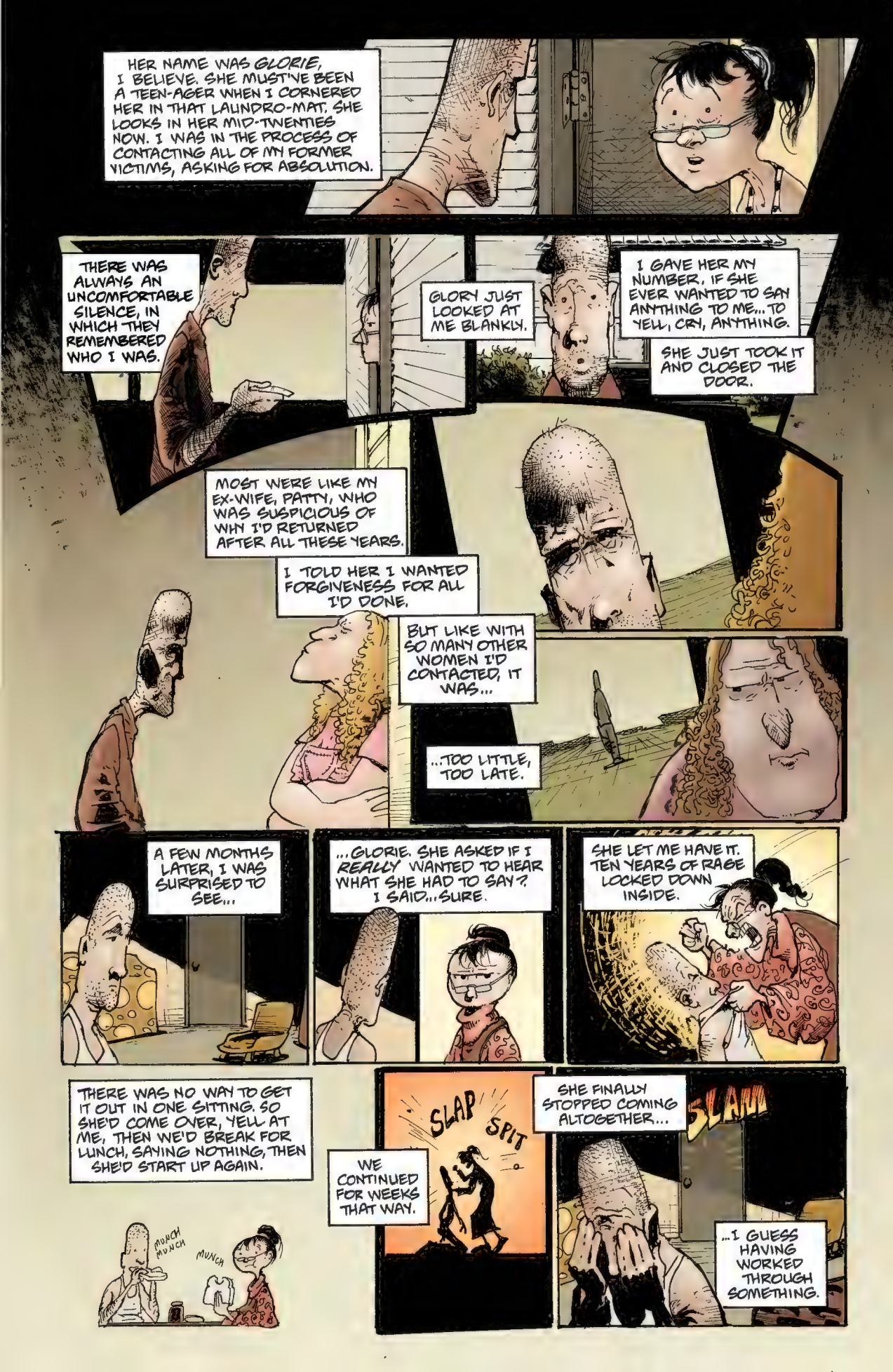

WAIT.
WHY?
BECAUSE... JUST WAIT, OK?
IF ANY PART OF YOU HAS ANY FEELING LEFT FOR ME, THEN PLEASE PROMISE YOU'LL TELL MARK I'M DEAD. THAT THING MUST'VE COME FROM MY OUTBACK, AND IF IT FINDS ME... WELL, OKAY.
BUT I WON'T LET IT TAKE MARK DOWN, TOO! GOT IT? HE MAY GROW UP BELIEVING I'VE ABANDONED HIM BY DYING, BUT HE WILL GROW UP!
OKAY, I PROMISE.
THANKS. I OWE YA.
I ASSUME YOU'LL BE IN THE SAME PLACE, IF I NEED TO.
UH-HUH. SEE YA.
MAN, WHERE'S NORBERT? I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME HERE. OH, WELL, BACK TO DAD'S STORY...

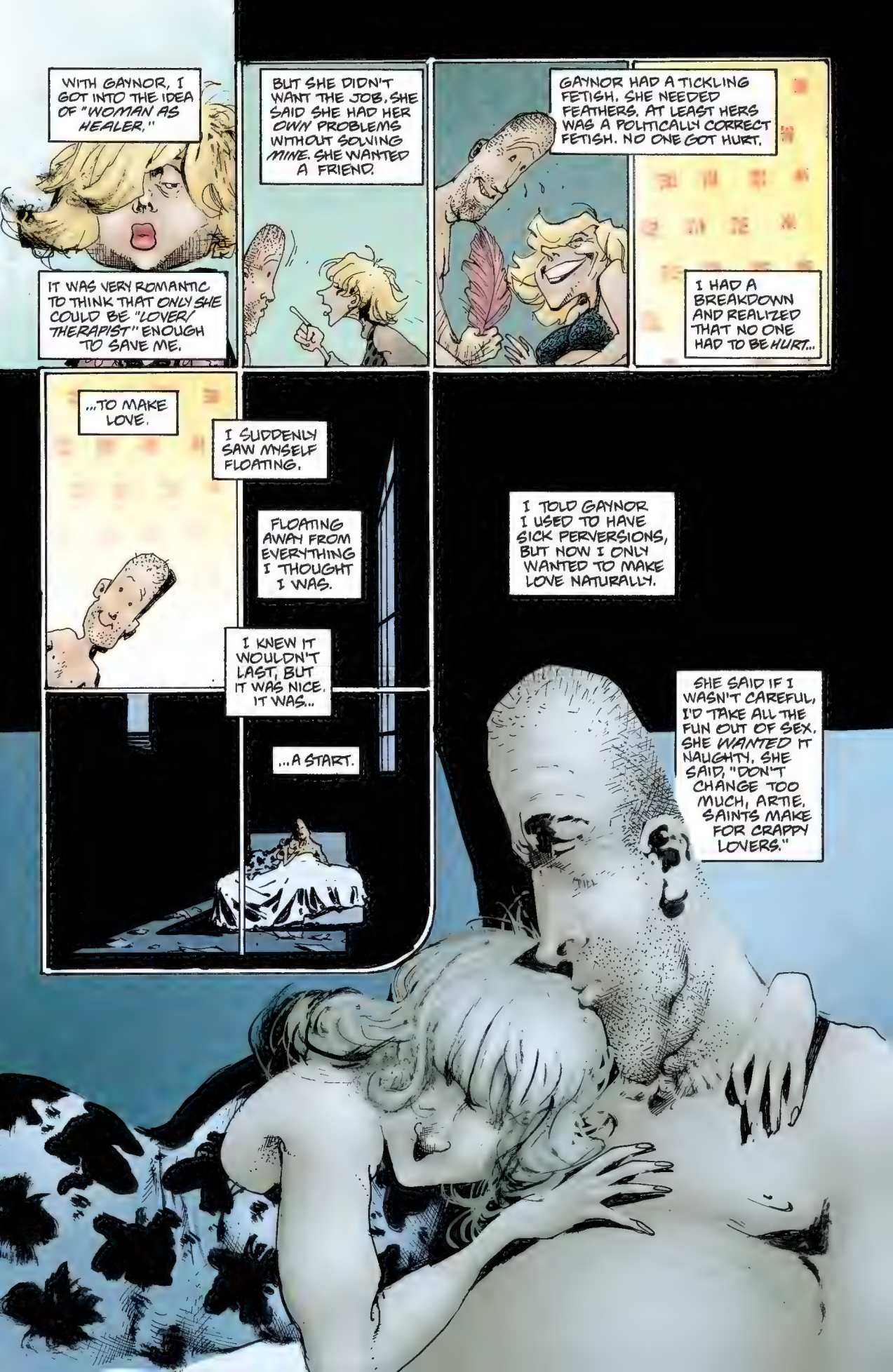

AFTER ALL I REMEMBERED ABOUT HER ABUSE, I STILL MISSED AUNT RUTH.
GO FIGURE. REDEMPTION IS A FUNNY THING.
ONCE I HEARD A GUY CALL INTO A RADIO TALK-SHOW, TELLING OF HIS BEING ABUSED.
THE RADIO GAVE A HOT-LINE TO CALL.
BUT I COULDN'T.
CLICK
I WOUND UP GOING TO A SHELTER FOR WOMEN ESCAPING ABUSE. IRONIC, CONSIDERING HOW MANY I PUT THERE.
BECAUSE FEMALE ABUSE OF CHILDREN IS SO RARE, THEY DOUBTED MY STORY. I CAN'T BLAME THEM, THOUGH TO THEM I'M PART OF THE PROBLEM! I ASKED...
SO WHERE DO MEN WHO WERE ABUSED GO TO GET HELP?
A WOMAN WHO ALSO VOLUNTEERED THERE, OVERHEARD AND STOPPED ME ON THE WAY OUT. SHE TURNED OUT TO BE...
...GAYNOR! I INSTANTLY CONNECTED WITH HER. WE MUST'VE TALKED TILL TWO IN THE MORNING. SHE USED TO DATE A MOB BOSS, AND SHE WAS PROBABLY THE ONLY WOMAN WHO'D SEEN MORE GRISLY STUFF THAN ME. SHE WAS ALSO SYMPATHETIC TO ME WITHOUT WANTING TO "FIX" ME.
WE SAW A LOT OF EACH OTHER, AND MY PLUMBING HAD PRETTY MUCH "GIVEN OUT," AND SHE WAS OKAY WITH THAT. SO WAS I, SINCE I WAS SICK OF PAPER BAGS.
BUT THERE WAS STILL EMOTIONAL STUFF. AND ME AND GAYNOR WORKED ON AS MUCH AS WE COULD.


WHEN I TOLD GAYNOR EVERTHING I'D DONE AND BEEN THROUGH, I EXPECTED HER TO LEAVE. SHE DIDN'T. I WAS TESTING HER.
I GUESS AFTER LIVING WITH A GANGSTER, SHE DIDN'T SCARE EASILY.
THE CLOSER I'D GET TO HER, THE MORE I'D WANTED TO SLIP BACK INTO MY "OLD PATTERNS."
I REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I TRIED.
I HOPED I COULD JUST CRAWL BACK INTO PUNISHIN AUNT RUTH.
BUT THE ODDEST THING HAPPENED.
ONE MOMENT I WAS STARING AT HER ANGUISHED FACE... THEN I SAW...
...MYSELF.
BEING ABUSED, ALL OVER AGAIN, BY...
...ME.
I LET HER GO, STILL SHAKING... WITH MY REALIZATION.
ALL THOSE YEARS, ALL THOSE WOMEN I'VE BEEN TRYING TO HURT.
SO, ONE NIGHT I WANDERED INTO AN ALLEY, AND FOUND...
...REDEMPTION STARING BACK AT ME.
I BOARDED UP THE FACTORY FULL OF ISZ, AND SAID GOODBYE TO MR. GONE.
PRETTY STUPID, THINKING I COULD JUST WALK AWAY FROM ALL THE PAIN I CAUSED, JUST LIKE THAT, HUH?
BUT THE SINS OF MR. GONE WOULD HAVE TO RETURN TO HAUNT ARTIMIS PENDER, WOULDN'T THEY?. YOU CAN'T OUTRUN YOUR OWN SHADOW.
I DECIDED IF NO ONE ELSE WANTED TO HELP GUYS GET THROUGH THIS ABUSE STUFF, THEN MAYBE I SHOULD.
I THINK I'M GONNA START A GROUP FOR OTHER GUYS WHO'VE BEEN ABUSED, ALSO.
THAT'S COOL. I BET A LOT OF GUYS WOULD COME TO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.


SO I WAS WRONG. AT LEAST ONE GUY STARTED COMING. WE EXCHANGED STORIES.
HE WAS ABUSED BY HIS UNCLE, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS.
MORE GUYS CAME. AND LIKE ME, MOST BELIEVED IT WAS EITHER "NO BIG DEAL," OR THAT THEY "BROUGHT THE ABUSE ON THEMSELVES."
I FOUND OUT I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO "WATCHED PATTERNS" OR BECAME ILL AT THE THOUGHT OF "MAKING LOVE." THERE WERE SO MANY OF US, IT WAS ALMOST A CLICHÉ.
BUT MY INABILITY TO TRUST ANYONE WASN'T A CLICHÉ. IT WAS A FACT. AND I STILL SAW AUNT RUTH'S FACE IN EVERY WOMAN I LOOK AT.
NO WONDER I FEAR THEM.
LOATH THEM...
...NEED THEM.
BUT I DIDN'T CARE ANYMORE.
EVERY STORY BROUGHT ME A SMALL STEP CLOSER...
...TO NO LONGER BEING ABLE TO IGNORE...
Z
...MY OWN PERSONAL BULLSHIT.
AFTER ALL I'D BEEN THROUGH, I STILL REFUSED TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR RAPING THOSE WOMEN.
IT WAS STILL "ALL AUNT RUTH'S FAULT."

KID, WE'VE GOT TO TALK.
YOU SEE MY MOM?
YEAH... WELL, YES AND NO. YA SEE, THE TRUTH IS...
SCREECHH
MARK, DAVE, GET IN. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
I KNOW THIS GUY, HE WAS MR. "SOMETHING OR OTHER"? WHAT WAS IT?
AND I THOUGHT HE WAS DENSE AS A RABBIT!
NO TIME FOR THE PAST "DAVE." WE'VE GOT TO GET TO SARA, AND QUICK!
WHY?
WAIT, DAVE, WHAT ABOUT MY MOM? SHE'S NOT HURT OR ANYTHING, IS SHE, DAVE?
RRRR
...DAVE?

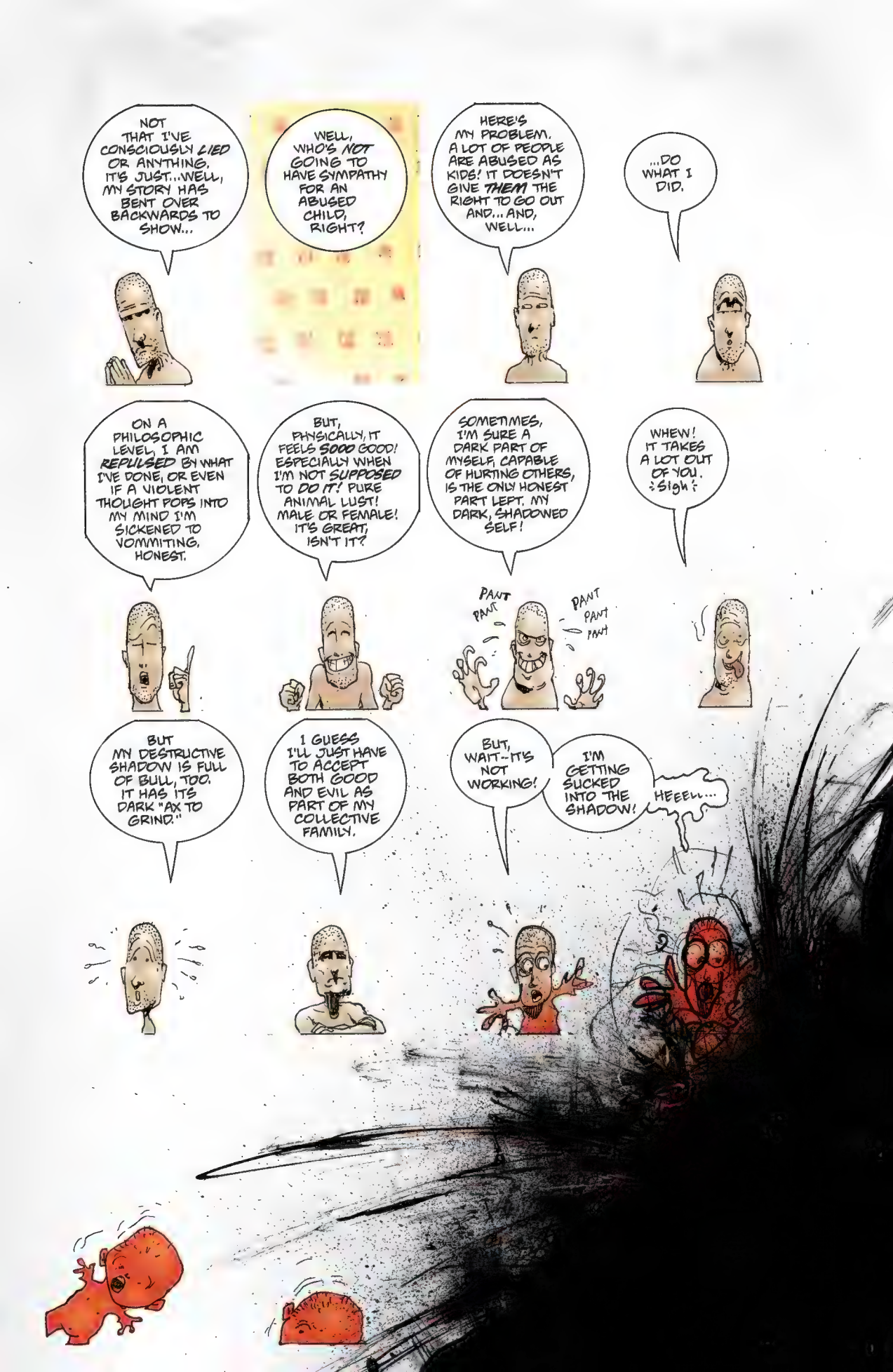

HER NAME WAS GLORIE, I BELIEVE. SHE MUST'VE BEEN A TEEN-AGER WHEN I CORNERED HER IN THAT LAUNDRO-MAT. SHE LOOKS IN HER MID-TWENTIES NOW. I WAS IN THE PROCESS OF CONTACTING ALL OF MY FORMER VICTIMS, ASKING FOR ABSOLUTION.
THERE WAS ALWAYS AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE, IN WHICH THEY REMEMBERED WHO I WAS.
GLORY JUST LOOKED AT ME BLANKLY.
I GAVE HER MY NUMBER, IF SHE EVER WANTED TO SAY ANYTHING TO ME... TO YELL, CRY, ANYTHING.
SHE JUST TOOK IT AND CLOSED THE DOOR.
MOST WERE LIKE MY EX-WIFE, PATTY, WHO WAS SUSPICIOUS OF WHY I'D RETURNED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.
I TOLD HER I WANTED FORGIVENESS FOR ALL I'D DONE.
BUT LIKE WITH SO MANY OTHER WOMEN I'D CONTACTED, IT WAS...
...TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE.
A FEW MONTHS LATER, I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE...
...GLORIE. SHE ASKED IF I REALLY WANTED TO HEAR WHAT SHE HAD TO SAY? I SAID...SURE.
SHE LET ME HAVE IT. TEN YEARS OF RAGE LOCKED DOWN INSIDE.
THERE WAS NO WAY TO GET IT OUT IN ONE SITTING. SO SHE'D COME OVER, YELL AT ME, THEN WE'D BREAK FOR LUNCH, SAYING NOTHING, THEN SHE'D START UP AGAIN.
SLAP
SPIT
WE CONTINUED FOR WEEKS THAT WAY.
SHE FINALLY STOPPED COMING ALTOGETHER...
SLAM
...I GUESS HAVING WORKED THROUGH SOMETHING.
MUNCH MUNCH
MUNCH

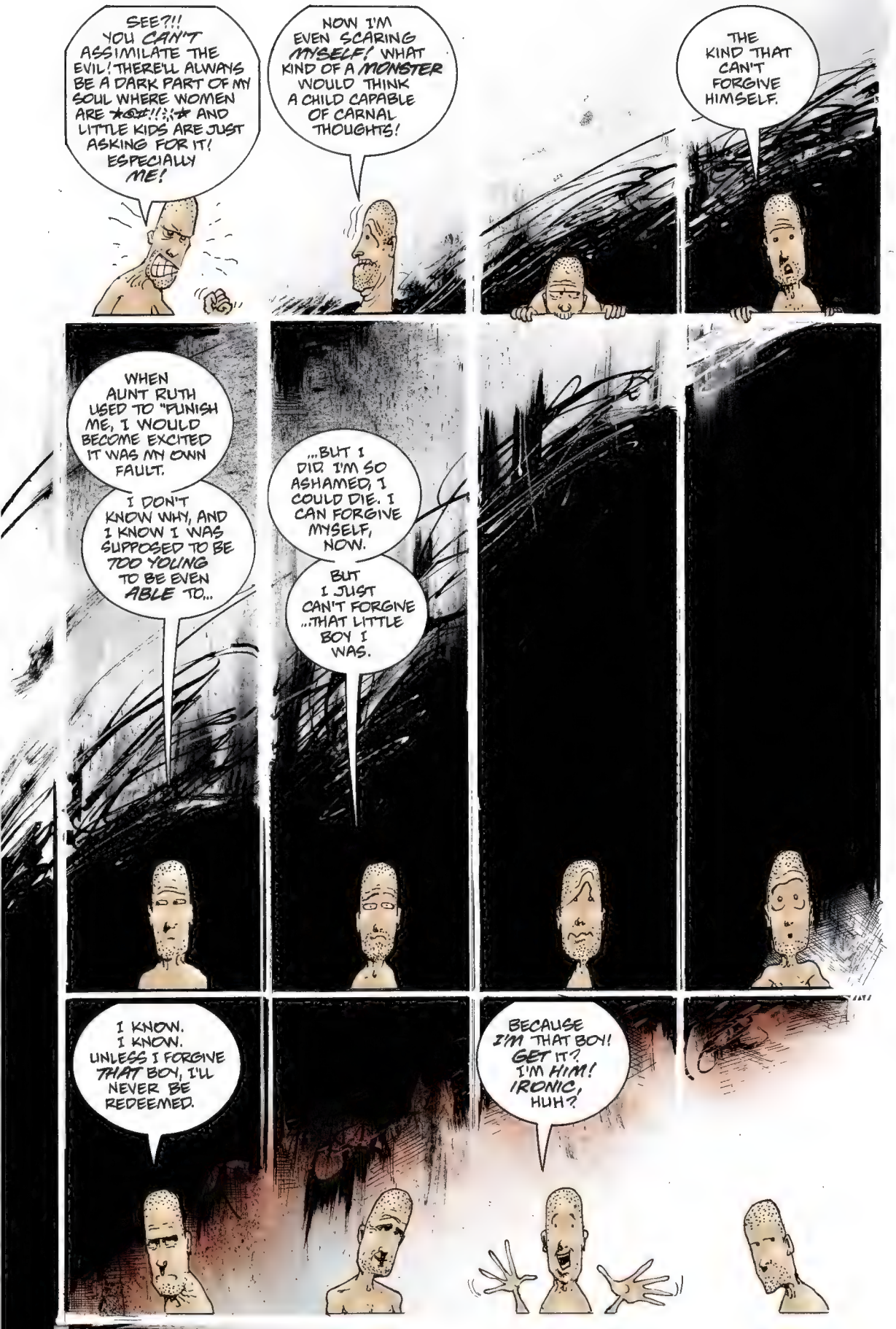

WITH GAYNOR, I GOT INTO THE IDEA OF "WOMAN AS HEALER."
IT WAS VERY ROMANTIC TO THINK THAT ONLY SHE COULD BE "LOVER/THERAPIST" ENOUGH TO SAVE ME.
BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT THE JOB. SHE SAID SHE HAD HER OWN PROBLEMS WITHOUT SOLVING MINE. SHE WANTED A FRIEND.
GAYNOR HAD A TICKLING FETISH. SHE NEEDED FEATHERS. AT LEAST HERS WAS A POLITICALLY CORRECT FETISH. NO ONE GOT HURT.
I HAD A BREAKDOWN AND REALIZED THAT NO ONE HAD TO BE HURT...
...TO MAKE LOVE.
I SUDDENLY SAW MYSELF FLOATING.
FLOATING AWAY FROM EVERYTHING I THOUGHT I WAS.
I KNEW IT WOULDN'T LAST, BUT IT WAS NICE. IT WAS...
...A START.
I TOLD GAYNOR I USED TO HAVE SICK PERVERSIONS, BUT NOW I ONLY WANTED TO MAKE LOVE NATURALLY.
SHE SAID IF I WASN'T CAREFUL, I'D TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF SEX. SHE WANTED IT NAUGHTY. SHE SAID, "DON'T CHANGE TOO MUCH, ARTIE. SAINTS MAKE FOR CRAPPY LOVERS."

YEARS LATER, I RETIRED FROM COUNSELING AND MOVED INTO A TRAILER WITH GAYNOR. I DID SOME CHECKING AND FOUND OUT MANY OF THE WOMEN I'D ATTACKED...
...HAD BEEN ABUSED AS CHILDREN. I'D VISITED THE OUTBACKS OF THE ADULTS WHO'D ABUSED THEM.
YEARS LATER, WHEN GLORIE SHOWED UP AGAIN, I REALIZED WHY SHE'D HIT ME SO HARD.
IT WASN'T JUST ME SHE WAS HITTING BACK.
I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE CHOSE ME TO TELL. OR WHY I CAME TO TELL HER THINGS I'VE NEVER TOLD ANY WOMAN. NOT EVEN GAYNOR.
YOU KNOW, I THINK ABOUT HIM SOMETIMES, MY DAD.
I KNOW... SAME WITH AUNT RUTH.
I WISH HE WERE HERE RIGHT NOW. I'D PRETEND HE WAS THE SIZE OF THIS WORM.
YEAH? WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
:OUCH: THAT'S GOTTA HURT.
NOT HALF AS MUCH AS WHAT HE PUT ME THROUGH.
AMEN.
TOO BAD IT'S JUST PRETEND, HUH?
YEAH. TOO BAD.

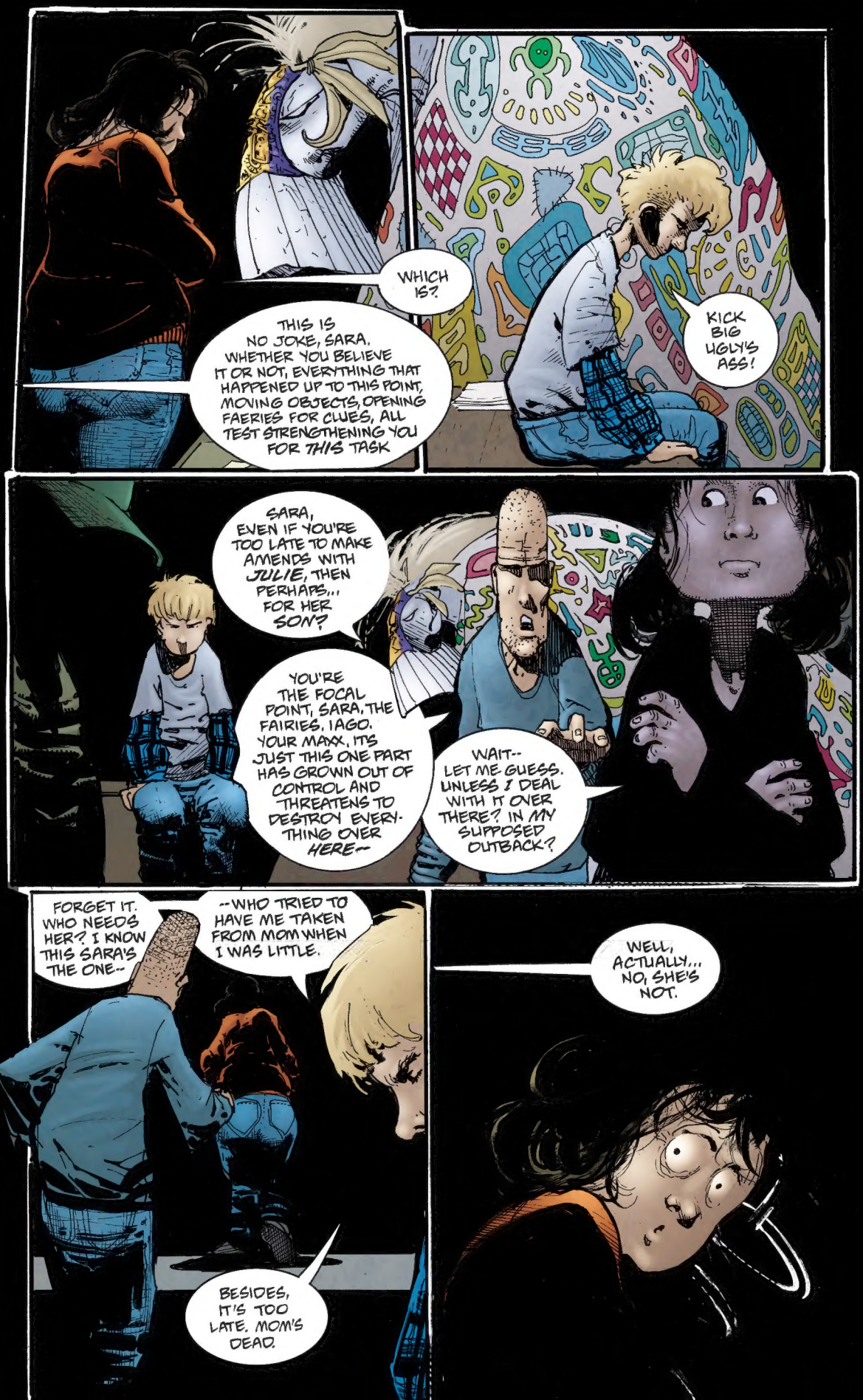
SHE WHAT? SHE CAN'T BE DEAD.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
NEITHER DO I. THE JULIE WINTERS I KNOW WO--
BUTT OUT, PENCIL NECK! THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND THE KID.
LOOK, LET ME SAVE YOU THE SPEECH. MOM PUT YOU UP TO THIS, HUH? SHE'S GOT SOME STUPID THING GOING ABOUT A BIG YELLOW MONSTER THAT SHE'S GOT TO PROTECT ME FROM!
ONLY IT'S JUST ANOTHER EXCUSE TO DITCH ME. SHE ALWAYS FINDS SOME REASON TO TAKE OFF! LITTLE BLUE MEN, THIS, THAT, WHATEVER! SAME OLD CRAZY MOM!! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE A NORM--
HEY! SHE'S TRYING TO PROTECT YOU, MARK! YOU MAY THINK SHE'S TOUCHED--
--BUT SOMETHING MADE HER SCARED ENOUGH TO SEND YOU TO US.

YEAH, SURE. THE FACT SHE'S NUTS.
HANG IN THERE, BUDDY. YOU'LL SEE. SO, GONE, WHERE'D YOU SAY WE'RE GOING, AND WHY THE RUSH?
YOU, "DAVE," ARE THE LEAST IMPORTANT PART OF THE EQUATION, CONSIDERING YOUR LINK WITH JULIE'S BEEN BROKEN AND I OWE YOU NO EXPLANATION OF WHERE WE'RE GOING?.
PISSY LITTLE GUY, AIN'T HE?
HOWEVER, I WILL TELL MARK. WHATEVER YOU MAY THINK OF YOUR MOTHER, YOUNG FELLOW, SHE ISN'T CRAZY.
NOT COMPLETELY, ANYWAY.
THERE HAS BEEN SOMETHING WHICH IS KILLING PEOPLE AROUND TOWN! AND YOUR MOTHER IS ON THE LIST! WE HAVE TO GET TO HER BEFORE IT DOES!
BUT WE NEED HELP.
BIG TIME! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH ENOUGH POWER TO HELP US RIGHT NOW--
WHO?.
LET'S SEE. GETTING BACK TO OUR LITTLE STORY, OF DADDY TURNING INTO A SWELL GUY WHO JUST HAPPENED TO RAPE WOMEN AND TURN MEN INTO BUGS...
OKAY, SO MAYBE I HAVEN'T BEEN COMPLETELY HONEST.


NOT THAT I'VE CONSCIOUSLY LIED OR ANYTHING, IT'S JUST...WELL, MY STORY HAS BENT OVER BACKWARDS TO SHOW...
WELL, WHO'S NOT GOING TO HAVE SYMPATHY FOR AN ABUSED CHILD, RIGHT?
HERE'S MY PROBLEM. A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE ABUSED AS KIDS! IT DOESN'T GIVE THEM THE RIGHT TO GO OUT AND... AND, WELL...
...DO WHAT I DID.
ON A PHILOSOPHIC LEVEL, I AM REPULSED BY WHAT I'VE DONE, OR EVEN IF A VIOLENT THOUGHT POPS INTO MY MIND I'M SICKENED TO VOMMITING, HONEST.
BUT, PHYSICALLY, IT FEELS SOOO GOOD! ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO DO IT! PURE ANIMAL LUST! MALE OR FEMALE! IT'S GREAT, ISN'T IT?
SOMETIMES, I'M SURE A DARK PART OF MYSELF, CAPABLE OF HURTING OTHERS, IS THE ONLY HONEST PART LEFT. MY DARK, SHADOWED SELF!
WHEW! IT TAKES A LOT OUT OF YOU. :Sigh:
PANT PANT
PANT PANT PANT
BUT MY DESTRUCTIVE SHADOW IS FULL OF BULL, TOO. IT HAS ITS DARK "AX TO GRIND."
I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO ACCEPT BOTH GOOD AND EVIL AS PART OF MY COLLECTIVE FAMILY.
BUT, WAIT--IT'S NOT WORKING!
I'M GETTING SUCKED INTO THE SHADOW!
HEEELL...


SEE?!! YOU CAN'T ASSIMILATE THE EVIL! THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DARK PART OF MY SOUL WHERE WOMEN ARE ★&%$!!;;★ AND LITTLE KIDS ARE JUST ASKING FOR IT! ESPECIALLY ME!
NOW I'M EVEN SCARING MYSELF! WHAT KIND OF A MONSTER WOULD THINK A CHILD CAPABLE OF CARNAL THOUGHTS!
THE KIND THAT CAN'T FORGIVE HIMSELF.
WHEN AUNT RUTH USED TO "PUNISH ME, I WOULD BECOME EXCITED IT WAS MY OWN FAULT.
I DON'T KNOW WHY, AND I KNOW I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TOO YOUNG TO BE EVEN ABLE TO...
...BUT I DID. I'M SO ASHAMED, I COULD DIE. I CAN FORGIVE MYSELF, NOW.
BUT I JUST CAN'T FORGIVE ...THAT LITTLE BOY I WAS.
I KNOW. I KNOW. UNLESS I FORGIVE THAT BOY, I'LL NEVER BE REDEEMED.
BECAUSE I'M THAT BOY! GET IT? I'M HIM! IRONIC, HUH?

JUST REMEMBER SARA, REDEMPTION IS NOT FOR WHIMPS.
GEEZ, NORBERT, WHERE WERE YOU?
SORRY, THE YELLOW PAINT I USED ON MY MASK KEEPS FADING.
WHAT DOES "REDEMPTION FOR WHIMPS" MEAN?
NEVER MIND. I GOT A MESSAGE THAT GONE WANTED US TO MEET HIM HERE. IN FACT, HE SHOULD BE··
click
I CAN'T BELIEVE I USED TO DRESS LIKE THIS GUY.
SARA, THIS IS MARK WINTERS. HIS MOTHER SENT HIM HERE FOR HELP IN STOPPING IAGO.
WHAT EE-AUG-OH ?
HI, MARK. HELLO, MAXX.
HI.
NOT YOU, STUPID.


WHICH IS?
THIS IS NO JOKE, SARA. WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT, EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED UP TO THIS POINT, MOVING OBJECTS, OPENING FAERIES FOR CLUES, ALL TEST STRENGTHENING YOU FOR *THIS* TASK
KICK BIG UGLY'S ASS!
SARA, EVEN IF YOU'RE TOO LATE TO MAKE AMENDS WITH *JULIE*, THEN PERHAPS... FOR HER *SON*?
YOU'RE THE FOCAL POINT, SARA, THE FAIRIES, IAGO. YOUR MAXX, ITS JUST THIS ONE PART HAS GROWN OUT OF CONTROL AND THREATENS TO DESTROY EVERY-THING OVER *HERE*--
WAIT-- LET ME GUESS. UNLESS I DEAL WITH IT OVER THERE? IN MY SUPPOSED OUTBACK?
FORGET IT. WHO NEEDS HER? I KNOW THIS SARA'S THE ONE--
--WHO TRIED TO HAVE ME TAKEN FROM MOM WHEN I WAS LITTLE.
BESIDES, IT'S TOO LATE. MOM'S DEAD.
WELL, ACTUALLY... NO, SHE'S NOT.

I KNEW IT! I COULD FEEL SHE WAS ALIV- OH, GREAT--THERE GOES MY HAND AGAIN.
SORRY, MARK, BUT SHE WAS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU.
OKAY. SO LET'S GO GET MOM AND STOP THIS THING!
AT THIS POINT, I DON'T HAVE A CLUE HOW TO STOP HIM.
I DO. MARK, I PROMISE--
YEAH, YEAH. BLAH-BLAH-BL~
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT! EVERYONE ELSE MAY HAVE LET YOU DOWN, BUT NOT ME! DESPITE WHAT YOU THINK, I CALLED THE AUTHORITIES BECAUSE I CARE FOR YOU--AND YOUR MOM. AND, UNLIKE HER, I DON'T MAKE PROMISES I CAN'T KEEP.
I'LL SAVE HER.

IT'S COMING FOR ME. AS I KNEW IT WOULD. AT LEAST MARK WILL BE SPARED. DAVE WILL WATCH HIM. I KNEW THERE WAS SOME "MAXX" LEFT IN DAVE.
FUNNY, I THOUGHT I'D BE MORE FRIGHTENED, NOW THAT I'M ABOUT TO... TO...
NOT TIME TO DIE YET! HERE'S A THOUGHT. TIME TO RETURN TO DREAMTIME! LOVE SWEET JULIE.
WHOOOOSH!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE, MAXX?
THAT'S DAVE, AND YES, SHE SAID TO MEET HER HERE!

OKAY, GUYS, STAND BACK--THIS COULD GET UGLY! THIS IS BETWEEN A GIRL AND HER SLUG!
WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S GOT HER!
I DON'T THINK SO, MARK, IF IAGO HAD KILLED JULIE, HE'D JUST WAIT FOR US TO GET HERE.
I THINK HE TOOK HER SOMEWHERE TO GOAD US INTO FOLLOWING...
YEAH, BUT THE QUESTION IS...
...WHERE?